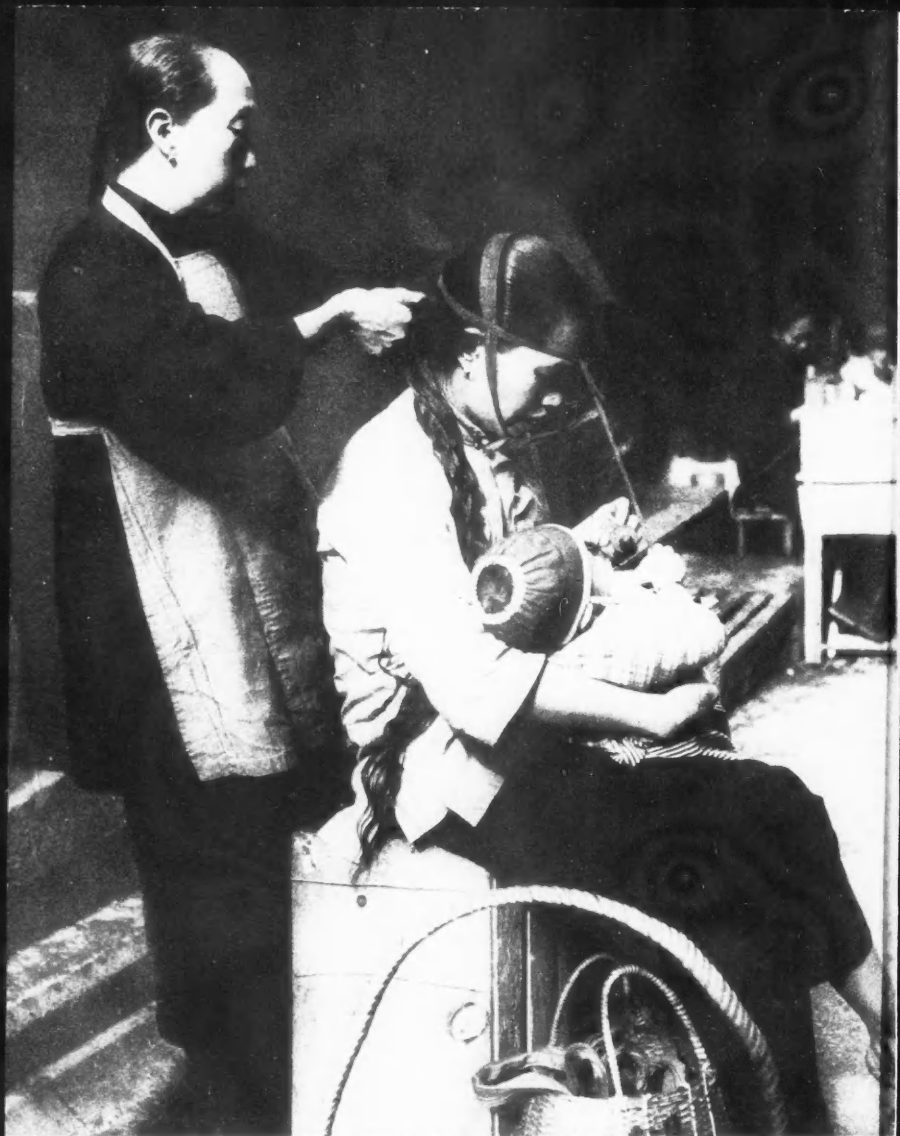


Maryknoll





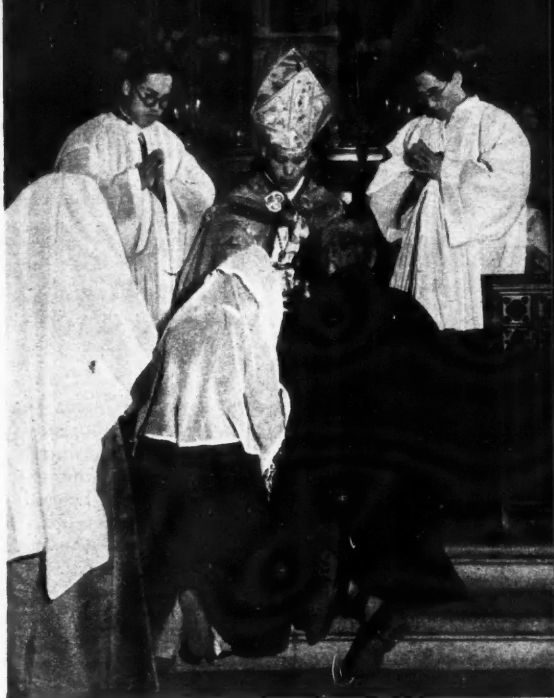
STREET CORNER Beauty Parlor. Milady has her hair done in the latest fashion quite as we get a shoeshine. Junior's hunger doesn't interfere.





A Seed is Sown in Prison

by Hugh L. Craig



A Catholic baptism in Seoul ended a long journey

WHEN CHYENG CHUN SU was six years old, his parents placed him in one of the best schools of Confucianism in Korea. The lad became a diligent student of the great Chinese philosopher so dear to the hearts and the minds of Oriental people. The writings of Confucius opened his mind to the realities of the moral world. The Chinese sage taught young Chyeng to maintain his natural goodness by obeying the moral law. Such obedience would have an influence on, and effect the control and welfare

of, the family, the community, and the state. As the years went by, his polished manners indicated the fruit of his studies.

When Chyeng was on the threshold of manhood, he met a Methodist minister who introduced him to a much greater Master, Jesus Christ. Chyeng took the teachings of Christ to his heart; his whole soul was drawn to Christ; Confucius paled into insignificance by comparison. Within the year Chyeng was received into the Methodist Church, taking "Paul" for his baptismal name.

It is easy to trace the action of Christ in drawing Paul even closer to Himself in the years that followed. Paul became a Methodist minister; later he was given a professorship at the Methodist Theological Seminary. His promotions were clear indications of the caliber of his soul.

Rev. Paul Chyeng was one of the thirty-three Korean leaders who, in 1919, signed a petition to the League of Nations, asking that Korea be given her freedom. For that action, he and the other Korean leaders were thrown into prison.

While there Paul met a Catholic who told him about the true Church. During the four long years the two spent together, there were many opportunities for discussing the relative merits of the Methodist and the Catholic religions. His Catholic friend told Paul many new things about Jesus Christ. And this set Paul's mind to work. If those were true then he had been cheated.

After being released, Rev. Mr. Chyeng was given other responsible positions in the Methodist church. In 1938 he was named a bishop.

But during the intervening years this earnest man had not forgotten what his fellow prisoner had told him about Catholicism. He made serious inquiries into its claims. The more he studied the Catholic Church, the more dissatisfied he became with his Church. He spoke

to his wife about this serious matter.

"If you are so discontent with your present affiliation," said Mrs. Chyeng, "Why don't you start your own Church?"

"Too much harm has already been done in that way," was his thoughtful reply.

The result of this conversation

was that Mrs. Chyeng also began to study the claims of the Catholic Church. To her inquiries she joined many fervent prayers to God. She begged her Maker to indicate His will in this very serious problem. It was not long before she, too, wished to become a Catholic.

One day not long ago, Bishop Chyeng called to his home the twelve principal Methodist ministers in his diocese. He announced to them:

"After mature study and much prayer, it has become clear to me that the Catholic Church is the one that was founded by Jesus Christ. It is the only true Church. Mrs. Chyeng and I shall be received into it at the Catholic Cathedral next Sunday."

This announcement struck his audience with sorrow and consternation. The ministers pleaded with him not to make the change. They argued all that evening. His many friends spent most of the following week trying to dissuade him. That was why, on Saturday morning, he retired to the home of a very dear friend where he could prepare in peace for the event of his life.

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD APOSTLE, Vol. XLIV, No. 7 July, 1950. Issued monthly. Rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.



At the reception were (left to right) Bishop Paul Ro, Mrs. Chyeng, Mr. Chyeng, Bishop Patrick Byrne, Papal Delegate to Korea. Behind Mrs. Chyeng is the mother of Mr. John Chang, present Korean ambassador to the United States.

He said to Bishop Paul Ro, who baptized him conditionally, "I would be happy if the name of Paul might be given me in honor of the great Apostle. Under his patronage, I should like to devote the remainder of my life to the progress of the Catholic Church."

Here we note the influence of the Master Missioner. Paul was not satisfied with merely hugging to himself his new Faith. He felt compelled to draw others to the religion of Christ.

Mrs. Chyeng asked for the name "Teresa," for she likes the little Saint's childlike way of love.

Mr. and Mrs. Chyeng are but two instances of the impressive progress

of the Church in Korea. All normal mission activity in the northern section is at a standstill. But just the opposite is true in the southern part of Korea, where 16,255 persons were baptized last year.

Since the end of the war seven new parishes have been established in the city of Seoul alone. Five new hospitals and eleven new high schools have either been built or are under construction. Last Fall fifty new students entered the seminary. All this has been accomplished by a pitifully small number of missionaries.

It is clear that the only thing preventing an even greater harvest of souls is the scarcity of missionaries.



We Inch Ahead

A new look
for the Chilean farm

by James F. McNiff

FOR MONTHS the orders for desks, chairs, and altars have been pouring into *Colegio Gonzalo Correa*, the agricultural and industrial school here on the outskirts of Molina, Chile. Several afternoons each week, a skilled carpenter supervises the pupils as they wield hammers, planes, and saws to produce the various items ordered.

A few weeks ago, a very good friend of the school donated a band saw. This has boosted production tremendously. Some of the students are so enthusiastic that they spend much of their spare time in the carpenter's shop. In addition to filling more substantial orders they turn left-over bits of wood into toy trucks, airplanes, donkey-and-cart assem-

blies. These toys are put on display at the end of the school year, and are then sold to help defray the costs of maintaining the shop classes.

Don Pedro Correa, the rich owner of the farm to which the school property belonged, built this school in honor of his son, Gonzalo, who died in Europe. What was to have been his son's inheritance Don Correa invested in the school as a memorial. The construction was finished in 1942, and Bishop Larrain put the administration in the hands of the Maryknoll Fathers.

Many of the large farms and vineyards in this region have no schools at all; some owners provide schooling of a sort for their employees. But the workers are so poor that they rarely allow their sons to attend school beyond the working age — which is a very tender age, indeed.

Our plan was to provide agricultural and industrial training for these poor boys. We tried to induce a number of very rich owners to finance the education of the sons of some of their workers. A few owners responded enthusiastically; too many turned deaf ears to our proposal. Then we enrolled many day students whose schooling is partly subsidized by the Government.

Two priests, a Brother, and five lay professors make up the faculty. We secured the services of an agricultural engineer, who comes two afternoons a week to give the boys



classes in the theory and practice of farming, the care and pruning of fruit trees, and the tending of cattle, chickens, bees, and hogs.

The land at our disposal is a mere ten acres, but we have hopes of getting more. Our nearest neighbor was thinking of selling his vineyard and going into business. His land is rich and would give a new surge of life to our project. But he asked much more than we were able to raise or borrow. However, we think it likely that one of the big vineyards in this section will buy out our neighbor and then donate half the property to us.

Father Richard Smith, Maryknoller in charge of a Talca parish gave us his expert carpenter. Since then the carpenter's shop has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. Father McNiff teaches in the two schools maintained at the Trapiche vineyard. He ordered desks for those schools from our carpenter's shop. Later we made some camp chairs for Father Arthur Brown's parish in San Gregorio. A new altar with a baldachin was turned out in our shop, for Father Walker's church. All who have seen the altar remark on its beauty and

liturgical conformity. Now we are engaged in making two side altars for Father Bradley's parish in Santiago. He requested them several months ago, but we have been so busy that we are just getting around to it.

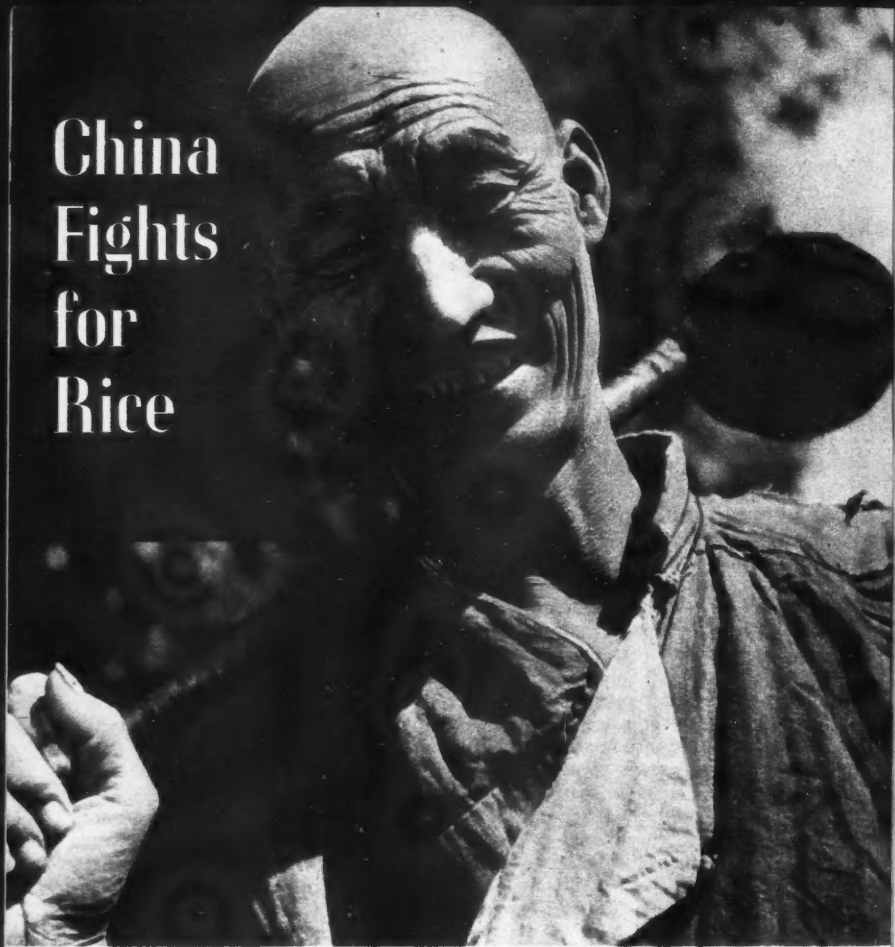
Don Jorge Sanchez, one of the ranch owners hereabouts, is one of our most generous supporters. Last year he placed two of his employees' youngsters in our school, paying their full tuition and giving us a gift of 15,000 pesos besides. This year he gave us two cows, and some hundreds of pounds of wheat and barley. He is the one who enticed his uncle to provide the school dormitories with new beds; and he plans to introduce me to some of the well-to-do people in Santiago, so that I may ask them for personal contributions to the work.

Unfortunately backers of this kind are not common. And to add to our troubles some of our professors are taking sick leave. But we have hopes of increasing the priestly personnel here and organizing the school more efficiently, in order to help many poor boys get a practical education.

The Iron Duke and the Marching Orders

A PROTESTANT MINISTER in England once asked the Duke of Wellington if he believed in foreign missions. "Sir," asked the Iron Duke, "what are your marching orders?" Thus the old soldier put his finger on the preacher's difficulty: we are not asked; we are *commanded* by God Himself: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature" (*Mark xvi:15*).

China Fights for Rice

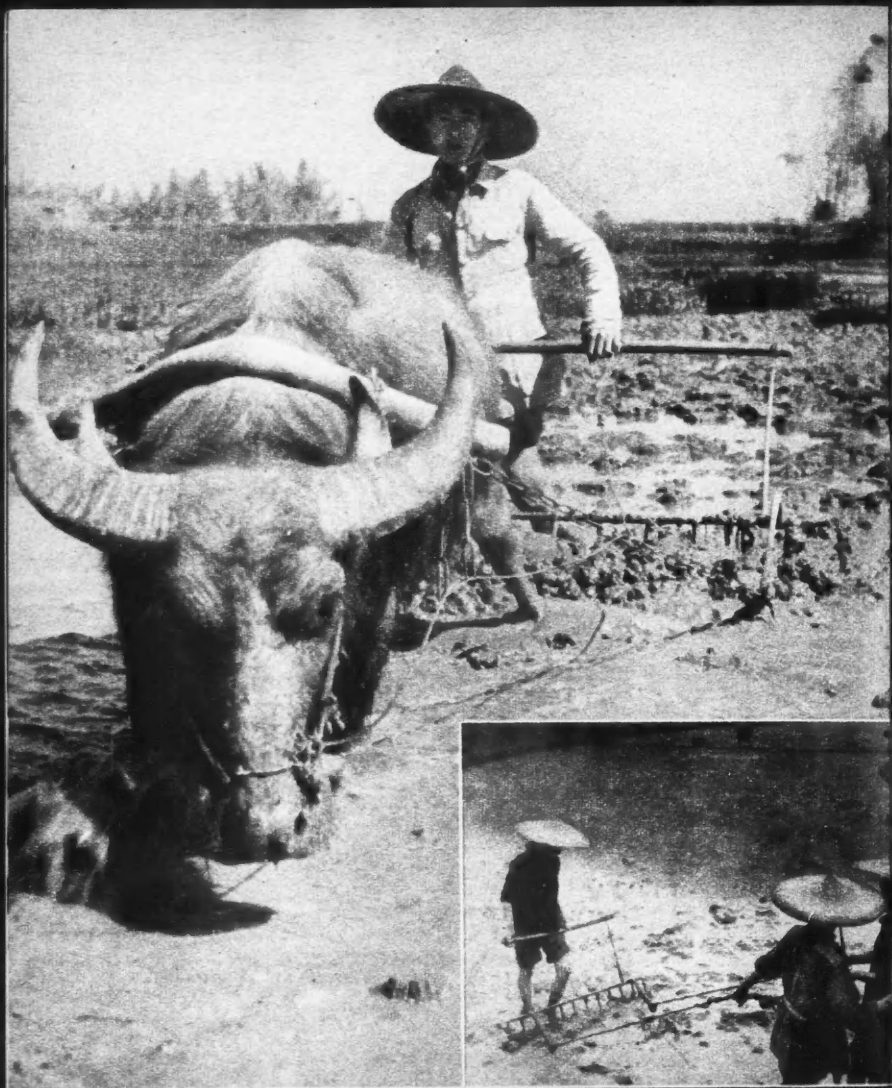


IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine that the placid South China country scene (right) is a battlefield. But it is. For here is fought the battle to provide multimillions of people with food — a battle waged by simple farming folk, with implements long outmoded. The average Chinese eats a

pound of rice a day. Multiply this by the number of people, and you get the total daily poundage needed for self-sufficiency. The Rice Bowl of China consists of a half-dozen southern provinces, where the overworked and impoverished soil is subject to frequent floods.

COLOR PHOTOS BY ANTHONY KARLOVECIUS AND CONSTANTINE BURNS





Machinery to cultivate the paddies is primitive. Power is supplied by the water buffalo; or if this animal is lacking, (inset) women drag the plow through the muck. Planting (right) is a backbreaking, tedious job.





Harvest-time threshing leaves rice fields (above) a golden brown. Everyone works during harvest — even children and old folks. When the harvest ends, missionaries like Fr. Thomas Malone (below) visit the country villages.





Then the cycle begins anew. Man power
floods the fields for the next planting.



JULIAN

He is in a class

by himself

by Donald C. Cleary

JULIAN is a Quechua Indian, anywhere between fifty-five and sixty-five years of age. I never heard his last name, because to the whole town of Ayaviri, here in the Peruvian Andes, he is just plain "Julian." He is the church's sacristan, janitor, and altar boy, as well as the substitute bellringer and general factotum. He lives in a small hut next to the church, and the only ornament in his home is an old and bent holy card of the Blessed Virgin.

Julian is about five feet tall. When you talk to Julian, he tilts his head at an angle and answers from the side of his mouth, carefully shifting his chew of coca to the other cheek. He speaks a Spanish dialect of his own, hardly separating it from his native Quechua. As a server at Mass, he is in a class by himself, making a valiant attempt at the Latin when he isn't trying to shoo some dog out of the church. But the look in his eyes and the rapt attention with which he follows each move and gesture of the priest at Mass, make his

little oddities of no consequence.

Julian hobbles about on a pair of old, cracked shoes, the relic of some passing American miner to judge by the size. He also sports a pair of herringbone trousers. His hat is a broken-down relic of a grey fedora, worn recklessly pulled down to his eyebrows, crown gaping aloft and

broken brim flapping in the wind. But his coat is his glory. Fashioned after Joseph's coat of many colors, the varied hues have faded somewhat with the years, exposing to view the almost innumerable patches which form it.

Julian was not always the staunch backbone of the Church in Ayaviri. Not many years ago, he was the worst of a large group of Indians who did odd jobs about the village in order to get money with which to buy alcohol. Whenever Julian collected a few coins, he got drunk and stayed drunk until his money was gone. His wife and children were dressed in rags; they lived on what scraps of food they could get from the market and by begging from door to door.

But despite his drunkenness, Julian invariably managed to assist at Mass on Sundays. The wise pastor, of Ayaviri, Padre Zegarra, saw the gold hidden in Julian and offered the

Indian a job cleaning the church, on the condition that he stay sober a week at a time. His road of reform was not an easy one for Julian—

nor, I venture to add, for Padre Zegarra. But gradually Julian's relapses became less and less frequent. In the midst of his sweeping, he would often stop to pray at the statue of Our

You may wish to have this simple form handy when disposing of your God-given, earthly possessions:
"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (The Maryknoll Fathers), the sum of \$....."

Blessed Mother, and he kept her altar the cleanest in the church.

Reviving the Faith among the Quechua Indians, long without priests, is a difficult task.

The next step was to offer Julian the post of sacristan, which would give him a certain importance among his fellows, provided that he would extend his periods of sobriety to a month at a time. The lure of old habits was strong, but the combination of his new importance and his sincere, simple devotion proved even stronger. And now during the traditional fifteen-day fiesta for the Blessed Mother—when even the most devout find it difficult to resist the many invitations—we find Julian firmly holding the Cross and leading the procession in her honor. And if some day we see him take a nip, we will not censure him too much. For while his faith is firm and strong, the weather is cold, and his flesh, like ours, is weak.

IT IS AN ACCIDENT of translation that Peter, and the other of the twelve are called apostles. The word "apostle" is from the Greek; "missioner" is from the Latin. Both words mean "one who is sent" — "a messenger." The Rector of the first mission seminary was Jesus Christ Himself.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Hollywood has been the object of much censure. There is no doubt that much too often it reflects the amorality of the pagans of our country more than the Christian principles of the minority. We used to shudder in the Orient when we thought of the impact of some of our so-called "culture" on the minds of the people among whom we worked.

But some recent experiences of a business and of a social nature brought agreeable surprises to this writer, who did not expect to find, in the center of our motion-picture industry, evidences of concerted Catholic action and of determination to repair as far as possible some of the industry's evil influences.

A well-known criticism of Lord Byron and his works might be said to fit the movie colony to a nicety, "Never were shining gold and black mire so industriously heaped together." It is a distinct pleasure to give tribute to the "shining gold" of goodness that is evident among some of the stars of the screen. To find a goodly number of well-known actors and actresses going all out for Catholic action and what it entails, is indeed refreshing.

Recently I had occasion to meet some thirty or more members of the profession, including directors, writers, and actors. There was a distinct evidence of zeal for better things, of a strong desire to use the medium

of movies for the diffusion of good ideas and for the preservation of our precious, national inheritance. It is good to find a number of our Catholic actors making retreats, and eager to know more about their religion in order to do more about irreligion.

Generosity is typical of many of the better type of Hollywood celebrities. After witnessing a preview of a new Catholic film that carries a powerful appeal for Christian living, some of the inexperienced of the group present were astounded to hear that the cost of production was less than one twentieth of what it would have been had the principals received their usual salaries. In other words, these generous people had contributed something over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of talent free.

Maryknoll is deeply indebted to these good people. I am sure I can speak for other Catholic organizations as well, which have profited from the generous contribution of time and talent in the diffusion of truth and in the gigantic spiritual duel which becomes daily more crucial. It is inspiring to find so much good in a place that has been productive of so much evil. More power to the heroic few who carry on so valiantly in the midst of so much indifference.

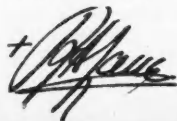






PHOTO FEATURE



Angela Sees a Star

The thrill of a lifetime came to an 11-year-old pupil of Maryknoll's Japanese school in Los Angeles when Angela Kuroiwa was introduced to Academy Award winner, Loretta Young, by Father Francis Caffrey (right). Loretta also autographed an album of records she had made, *The Littlest Angel*, for Angela. Father William Whitlow (left) beams his approval. Loretta, incidentally, is to narrate for a new Maryknoll movie on China.



PEACE OF SOUL OVERSEAS

MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK
DEAR FATHERS:

I am pleased to know that more than 800 young Americans are in training in Maryknoll seminaries, to prepare for the foreign-mission priesthood.

Please use my gift of \$_____ toward the \$500 needed to educate one Maryknoll seminarian for one year. When I can do so, I shall send other gifts for this purpose.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



No power saws here in the home of the wood that makes such fine furniture

A Church for the Mahogany Men

Time out in the Mexican jungle

by Norbert M. Verhagen

THE MOST Reverend Daniel F. Hickey, S.J., Bishop of Belize, British Honduras, climbed behind the wheel of his much-traveled jeep. He was off to call on his missionary Padres along the Caribbean coast. But this time he was to continue on to Bacalar, in the Territory of Quintana Roo, to bless with all due solemnity the reconstructed parish church of San Joaquin.

When the Bishop and his company came in sight of Bacalar, a gala *fiesta* was in full swing. There had occurred

at dawn the serenades to our Lady of Guadalupe and to San Joaquin, with the sound of voice and violin and firecrackers. As the Bishop alighted from his jeep, the serenades were repeated in his favor. At the head of the procession that was formed, there were torches carried by those who surrounded the parish banner bearer. A complement of red-cassocked altar boys, to match the Bishop's robes, led him down the avenue lined with palms to the church doors. Children dressed in

white strewed the way with flowers.

From Chetumal, capital of the Territory, came the wonderful Sisters, Servants of the Sacred Heart and the Poor. They rode with the children's choir, on the back of a truck. Bishop Hickey gave the throngs his blessing and the Very Reverend Arthur F. Allie, Maryknoll Society Superior for Middle America, proceeded to offer the Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving. Father Allie was assisted by Fathers Wade, Ring, and Hebert, Jesuit Padres from British Honduras.

Father Facundo Castillo, diocesan priest of Belize, preached the commemorative eulogy. He traced the historical significance and greatness of San Joaquin's Parish, Bacalar, with its four centuries of history. For three centuries it was a Spanish fortress on the frontier of Maya Indian territory. It was a bastion

of civilization, culture, and religion. Then followed a sad century, in which there was nothing but imposing ruins of proud old Spanish houses, with the jungle on the march to reclaim what it had lost. The church is the only one of those elegant old buildings that has ever been reconstructed.

It was but natural that the preacher should take this occasion as an instance of the Church's glorious mission to extend and constantly renew Christ's Kingdom. He spoke of the work that is going on up and down this peninsula of Yucatan, the labors of many native and some foreign priests, in the many towns and villages that dot the countryside.

Seven years ago, the *Padres de Maryknoll* had joined with the native clergy in the task of replacing the destroyed tabernacles of Jesus. He recalled the work of various Maryknollers who had patiently mended

The ancient church at Bacalar is now fully restored to its pristine beauty



and patched the faith in the heads, hearts, and souls of a people who had largely forgotten Him. Fathers Gerard Greene, Edward Koechel, Leo Connors, and the present incumbent, had all served in Bacalar. It was Father Thomas O'Rourke who gathered the building material, and brought the construction to a speedy conclusion. The present incumbent was left with only the light and pleasant task of seeing to the crowning ceremony of the solemn blessing.

As the ceremonies of the Solemn High Mass proceeded, as part of it all stood the image of San Joaquin, up on his new pedestal. This was, and is again, his sanctuary.

In all parts of this country, some devotion is outstanding in each region, and there is a shrine to enclose and concentrate that devotion. In the Territory of Quintana Roo, San Joaquin is the great saint and great patron. Now, staff in hand, with benign countenance, his chest covered with the silver medals (testimonials of miracles and favors

wrought through his intercession), he looks over the crowd of chicle and mahogany workers and the tillers of corn patches.

Young men who wish to become foreign missionaries may write us for free booklets on the Maryknoll priesthood or brotherhood. Address: Vocation Director, Maryknoll P.O., New York

These simple people notice with sorrow the scar on his statue, a record of the fanatical unbelief in the time of the revolution.

The people recall also many incidents that proved his prowess to work miracles.

The mahogany workers remember that the statue was carried from house to house to protect it from profanation. Many was the nightly journey it made to another haven of safety. But regardless of how many times the statue of San Joaquin was moved, it was never, even in the darkest days of persecution, carried away from Bacalar.

But all that does not matter now. The glorious saint, grandfather of the Divine Child, father of our Blessed Lady, looks kindly down upon his clients in his church at Bacalar. San Joaquin is glad to have his venerated image back once again in its rightful place.



The Light in the Young Man's Eyes

"*I* T WAS BEAUTIFUL," writes a missionary, "to see the light in the face of a Japanese student convert." I asked him what made him happy. He mentioned: (1) a consciousness of sins forgiven; (2) the warm, sweet, tender love of God for him as one of His children; (3) a yearning in his heart to answer God's love with

his own; (4) a new brotherhood with his fellow men, whom he is to love as God loves him."

William J. Collins

The 4 R's in Tanganyika

"FATHER, will you please show me how to work this problem in logarithms?" asked one of the teachers at our Nyegina mission school in Africa.

Logarithms! I have a hard enough time spelling the word, let alone explaining the intricacies of the subject. Luckily, one of our seminarians was home on vacation at the time. He came to my rescue and agreed to help the teacher, who is studying logarithms by himself, hoping to pass an examination that will entitle him to a higher certificate.

Here in Tanganyika, the Government is inaugurating a ten-year plan to increase educational facilities. The aim is to provide schooling for at least one child in every three. Naturally we want to co-operate fully.

Nor is the planned education a hit-and-miss affair. Young men who hope to be teachers must take a course in a recognized training school. At the

end of the course, two examinations are given. If the prospective teacher passes both, he receives a certificate; if only one, he gets a license to teach.

The Government pays part of the teacher's salary, even if he instructs in a mission school. Of course this means that the Government can send inspectors and impose a course of studies. Fortunately the official syllabus permits us to include four classes of religion each week.

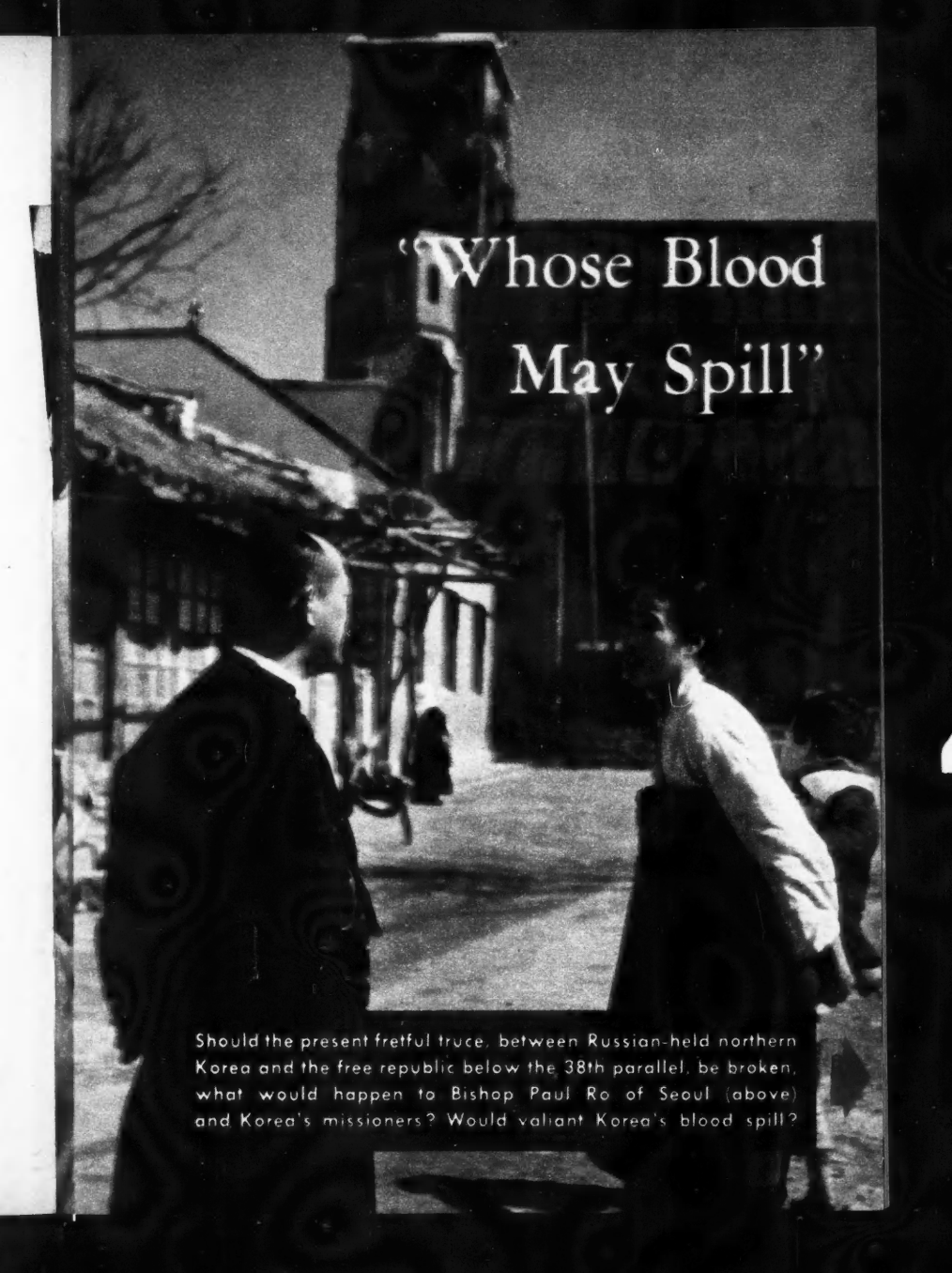
African youngsters in the fifth and sixth grades have a pretty stiff schedule — forty periods a week. The subjects taught include: arithmetic, reading, writing, geography, history, nature study, physiology, citizenship, English, and religion.

It is certainly encouraging that the Government officials are stepping up efforts to provide the natives with a good basic education. There now remains only the problem of persuading the parents to send their children to school at an early age.

Managing a mission school takes a lot of the missionary's time. But it is necessary if we are to keep the young folks close to the Church. We must show them how to apply religious principles to the subjects studied and to the problems they will meet in adult life.

Our seminarians also receive a superior education, for the future native clergy must be ready to lead. This demands an abundance of learning.





"Whose Blood May Spill"

Should the present fretful truce, between Russian-held northern Korea and the free republic below the 38th parallel, be broken, what would happen to Bishop Paul Ro of Seoul (above) and Korea's missionaries? Would valiant Korea's blood spill?



THE scene above is a *Corpus Christi* procession into the church at Saiho, in northern Korea, in the days before the Russians erected the Iron Curtain.

No Catholic priest, native or foreign, may now visit northern Korea and return to tell the tale. Christianity is again forbidden freedom in the North.

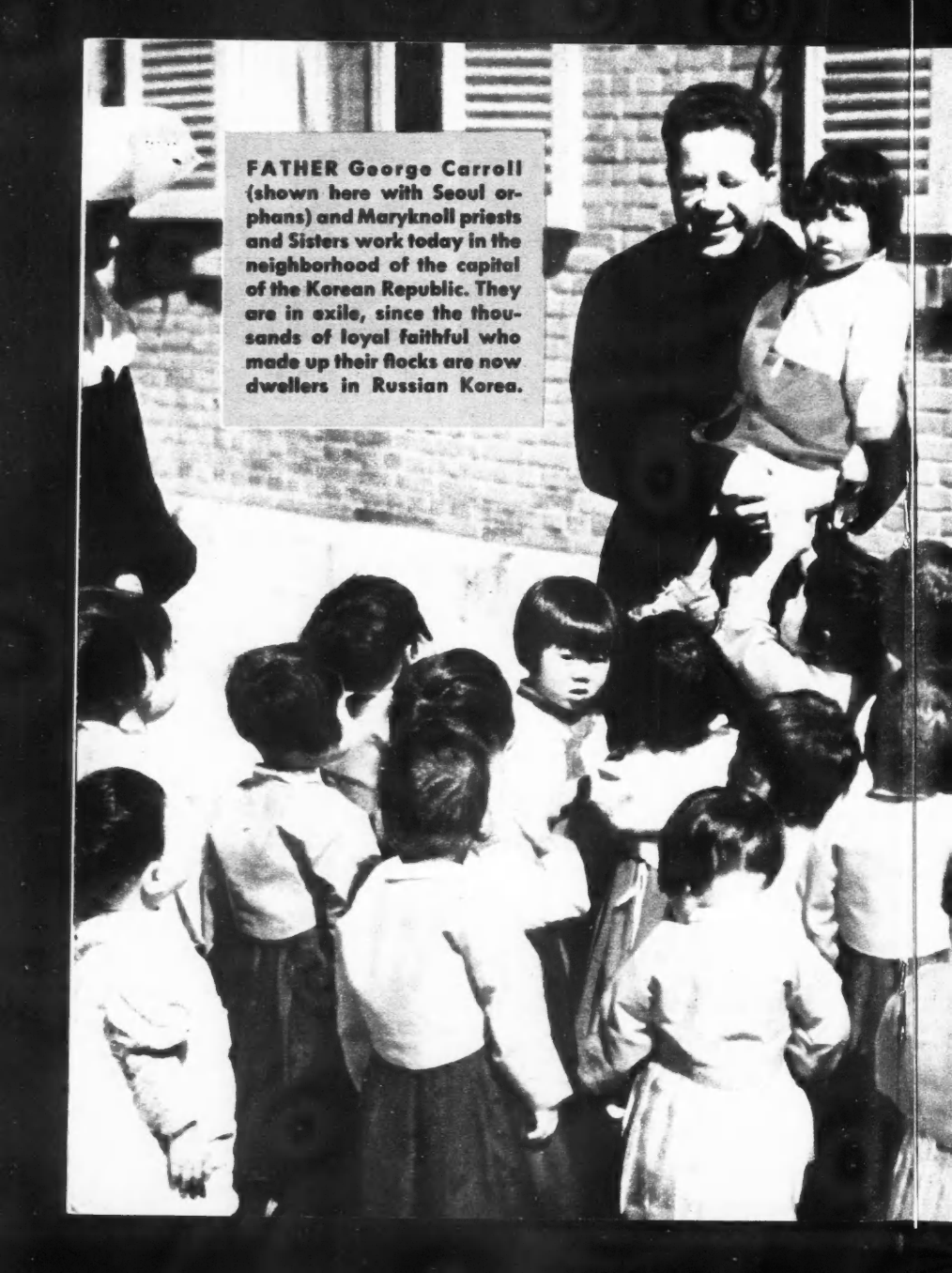


Catechist family (right) lives in Gishu, a border town, where, through a tunnel, missionaries secretly entered the country.



THE two Korean priests above, Father Louis Kim (left) and Father Timothy Pak, were sent to Rome for training by the Maryknoll Missioners of the Korea of two decades ago. Intelligent, kindly, zealous, with the sparkling humor that characterizes their people, they gave bright promise when they returned to Pengl-yang. God has seen fit to try them with almost constant suffering. Their whereabouts today behind the Iron Curtain is unknown. Other Korean priests have likewise suffered for loyalty to Jesus Christ.



A black and white photograph showing a man, identified as Father George Carroll, standing and smiling while holding a young child. He is surrounded by a large group of other children, mostly young girls in light-colored tops and dark skirts, who are looking towards him. The background is a brick wall with horizontal slats or shutters. A text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

FATHER George Carroll
(shown here with Seoul or-
phans) and Maryknoll priests
and Sisters work today in the
neighborhood of the capital
of the Korean Republic. They
are in exile, since the thou-
sands of loyal faithful who
made up their flocks are now
dwellers in Russian Korea.





CATHOLICS the world over may be proud of Korea's brave priests, ready if the call comes to spill their blood. (Above) Father Patrick Duffy talks to his two curates. (Below) A seminarian kneels at the tomb of Father Andrew Kim, first priest of Korea.





In the bitter persecutions of the nineteenth century, Korean women such as this middle-class matron courageously faced torture and death for the Faith.

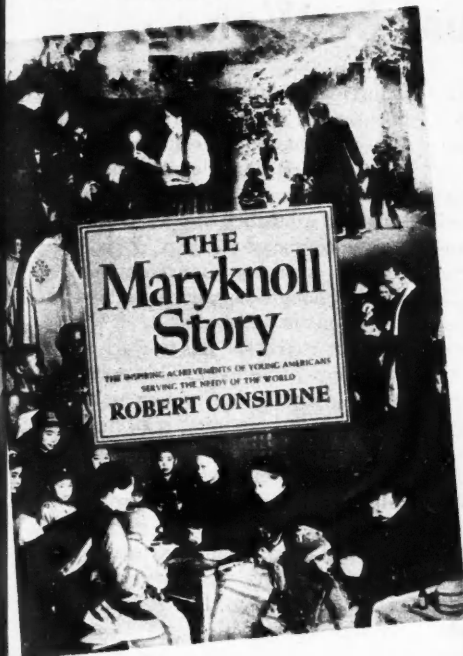


Life goes on quite normally in Seoul. Here the neighbors gather to help Sonny celebrate his first birthday.

TH
Ple
Enc
Nan
Stre
City

The Maryknoll Story

by BOB CONSIDINE



Bob Considine, noted columnist, finds in American missionaries the fabric for one of his best stories. Intensely interesting in its vivid portrayal of missionary life.

Doubleday **\$3.00**

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Please send me _____

Enclosed find \$ _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



My Book About God, picture story for pre-school children.

Macmillan **\$2.00**

Lots of Brothers and Sisters, a delightful story for 6- to 8-year-olds.

Macmillan **\$2.00**



Jesus Comes for Everybody
Jesus Helps Everybody

The story of Christ illustrated in full color for children 8 to 12.

Garden City **\$1.00 ea.**



LETTER PAPER

Charming designs, printed in full color, 12 sheets with envelopes \$3.35; 24 with envelopes boxed, \$6.00. No. 256 All Peoples; No. 255 Chinese Proverbs; No. 250 Three Singers.

NOTE CARDS

Full color decorated folders. 10 with envelopes \$4.00; 30 with envelopes boxed, \$1.00. No. 207 Three Singers; No. 208 Light of the World; No. 209 Thy Sons; No. 210 All Peoples; No. 201 Assorted Designs.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGS
ON TEACHER AIDS, BOOKS
AND RELIGIOUS GOODS.

EDITORIAL:

They Must Be Won

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the Church fully understands what is required to bring her other sheep into the fold, even though her progress in the arduous work may at times seem slow and halting. She has been divinely commissioned to bring them in. She has actually done so, under widely divergent conditions, with good success in the main, for a space of over nineteen hundred years.

It is certain that she possesses the essential principles needed to carry out this divinely imposed task. It is even more obvious that she must have acquired a great practical experience in the performance of it. She can be presumed to know all that it is necessary to know for the successful prosecution of her mission work; no secrets about it have been withheld. She lacks means at times, but never sight and never desire.

NEVERTHELESS, this task in itself is vastly different from the

Church's work of caring for her own flock in the household of the Faith. It is one not nearly so susceptible of being charted along definite lines and reduced to routine system. It cannot be put in a nutshell or even in an extensive course of theology. What the Church is trying to accomplish is simple enough in concept, if not in execution: it is conversion.

The material she has to work with is immensely complex. This material is the great, indiscriminate mass of unredeemed humanity, scattered all over the world in all its infinite variety. The concrete conditions and subjective sentiments of these other sheep include everything under the sun, and those conditions make the task of reaching them very complicated. The way to their hearts leads through a labyrinth.

UNBELIEVERS differ by the whole heaven from their more fortunate brothers within the charmed circle of the Faith, and they also



THIS MONTH'S COVER

ALFREDO is completely at home in the thick Bolivian jungles. Boys in the United States might envy Alfredo's carefree and adventurous existence. He can follow the trail of a jaguar, knows how to trap deadly snakes, and has learned what plants will give him food or assuage his thirst. Yet, his life is not easy. With other members of his family, he spends his days in hard work, collecting rubber or harvesting Brazil nuts.

differ enormously among themselves. Who could describe the great range, the wide variation, the bewildering complexity of their spiritual, mental, and psychological make-up? Who, indeed, but God can even comprehend it? They are men of fanatic attachment to age-old tradition, inherited prejudice, and tribal custom. Again they are foot-loose souls who own no spiritual allegiance of any sort. They are men of the most refined culture and of the most primitive barbarism.

We believe the other sheep are never savages, for it seems that no race of men has ever been found that answered in all points to that technical description. Often they are men of a very low degree of culture to whom the most elementary developments of contemporary civilization remain largely unknown. Occasionally they are men of surprisingly good moral habits — such as to create or preserve in them something very much akin to the “soul naturally Christian.” More often, of course, they are the victims of every human weakness, sunk in moral apathy and prone to many a degrading vice. Sometimes they are men who possess an extensive education; the great majority possess little or none.

THE MULTIPLE variations of background and equipment, of outlook and interest, that characterize unbelievers need to be reckoned with. However, they do not need to be in any sense a source of discouragement. These subjective conditions complicate the problem of conversion,

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

especially when it is contemplated on the large scale that missionaries have in view; but they do not render it unduly difficult, in itself.

Rightly understood and with cloth cut accordingly, they may even facilitate a solution. They are features of human life that call for careful study, much sympathy, and a certain amount of adaptation that will know how to make allowances for them, to give them full weight in any plans that would eventuate in conversions. The only mistake is to ignore them.

The Church hopes to find and rescue all her other sheep. Her prescription for the needs of her other sheep is the understanding, loving labor of the true apostle.

The Maryknoll Roundup

Never trust an alligator, even a dead one, is the advice of Father Joseph V. Flynn, Maryknoll Missioner from Cleveland, Ohio, now stationed in Ethea, Bolivia. One of Father's parishioners shot a four foot alligator; it was pulled on board by the foreleg, and struck on the skull with an ax, just to play safe. But about five minutes later the baby 'gator came to life, snapping and lashing out with its tail. After another tap on the head the beast was not so frisky. But a short while later it came to again and almost got away. You can't trust an alligator, even a little "dead" one.



Father Flynn

Slight Mistake. "Kam Wa, one of the masons building a wall here at the Tungngon mission in South



Father Heemskerck

China, showed me a pimple on his foot that was beginning to fester," reports Father John C. Heemskerck, a Maryknoller from Sassenheim, Netherlands. "I painted that part of his foot with iodine and gave him a dab of boracic vaseline to take home. Late that night Kam Wa's brother came to the mission to tell me that Kam Wa was

going to die. His mother had cooked a bowl of water, stirred the boracic vaseline into the water, and told Kam Wa to drink the whole thing; which he did. He had been in great pain since. Before going to see Kam Wa I checked for the antidote. None was needed; Kam Wa was at work the next day."

Bad Boys. "Making useful citizens out of delinquent boys is the newest project at the Institute of Leo XIII, in Talca, Chile," writes Father James V. Manning, Maryknoll Missioner from Richmond Hill, N. Y. "Talca's leading lawyers asked me if I would help give a chance to young boys released from jail. I agreed to provide schooling for those youngsters if the lawyers would help me as far as expenses were concerned. Besides the regular studies, the boys learn a trade. Local officials are enthusiastic about the project. Two policemen have been assigned to the Institute; one serves as a physical instructor, and the other as a teacher in the trades."



Father Manning

Eloquent Eyes. "Not one of the Maryknollers in the Tanganyika Territory of British East Africa has escaped. Our Christians have duti-

fully given each priest and Brother a nickname," says Father Thomas F. Gibbons, a Maryknoller from Philadelphia, Pa., now stationed in East Africa. "African folks call one Brother, 'The hat' because of the battered, old Lee felt he wears during working hours. There is another whom the natives refer to as 'the one with the short spit.' Recently, a Christian came to see Father Collins. 'May I look at the Father who speaks with his eyes?' he inquired."



Father Gibbons

Hungry. "A fat and greedy rat met sudden death by electrocution in the local post office," reports Brother Theophane Walsh, Maryknoll Missioner from Brooklyn, N. Y., now stationed in Tokyo, Japan. "The rat took three or four large bites out of the building's main electric cable and short-circuited the whole system. It was a very cloudy afternoon when the rat enjoyed his last meal. Mail-sorting operations had to be suspended until the electricians could trace down the cause of the power

failure and repair the cable. Whoever said that the mails must go through, and neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow shall stay these swift couriers from their appointed rounds, failed to consider hungry rats."

No Danger. Opening the door of his dispensary at the Maryknoll mission in Pinglo, China, Father Robert W. Greene saw the barrel of a rifle pointed in his direction. Seated in the opposite corner of the room, holding the rifle, was an old Chinese man. Father Greene instructed the Chinese lad who worked in the dispensary to tell the old man that it was not necessary to point the business end of a rifle at the priest in order to obtain medicine. The young Chinese assured Father Greene—who comes from Jasper, Indiana—that the old one was not trying to intimidate the priest. "Don't worry about grandpa, Father," said the boy. "He's crazy." Father Greene felt safer the next time when the old one came for treatment, without his rifle.



Father Greene

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missioner should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

7-0

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll ☐ Priest ☐ Brother

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____
 Street _____ School _____
 City, Zone, State _____ Class _____

The Dead Snake's Partner

Oversleeping saved
two lives

by Bernard R. Garrity

THE SUN WAS ALMOST ready to drop behind the jungle foliage when Teofile reached his last rubber trees. As he leaned forward to take hold of the cup that held the white liquid rubber, he jumped back in alarm. Coiled at the base of the tree was a huge, deadly pucarara snake. Quickly Teofile unslung the rifle from his shoulder. A shot rang out — and there was one less pucarara to worry about.

"*Hola!* What a huge snake," said

Teofile to himself in pride. "I will take this devil home and show it to Magdalena. Never has she seen so huge a snake!"

Teofile cut a piece of vine from a near-by bush, made a noose, and started to drag the snake the two miles to his straw house, set in a clearing in the Bolivian jungle. On the way he met up with some fellow rubber workers, to whom he showed his prize.

"It is ill luck to bring the snake to your house," said old Antonio.

"That is the gossip of old women," answered Teofile. "No harm can befall me. The snake is dead."

As Teofile expected, his wife, Magdalena, was very proud of her husband's prowess. Many times did he repeat the story of his bravery, until at last darkness covered the jungle, and Teofile and Magdalena retired to sleep.

Now, for fifteen years, Teofile and Magdalena had arisen every morning at four o'clock. This is the custom among rubber gatherers, who begin work at the first break of dawn. In the darkness each morning, Magdalena would go to the fireplace, take a wood cinder from the hearth, and light an oil lantern. Then she would prepare breakfast while Teofile checked his equipment.

On the morning after the snake killing, things were different. For the first time in all those years, both Teofile and his wife overslept. It was broad daylight when the couple



awoke. Hastily, Magdalena jumped out of bed, only to scream:

"Teofile! Look at the cat! It's dead."

When she reached the kitchen, she screamed again. "Teofile, come and see. The dog is dead, too."

Puzzled over the death of her two pets, Magdalena went to the hearth to stir up a fire. Ordinarily she had to grope her way to the fireplace, but today because she and her husband had accidentally overslept, she did not need to grope. She could see. And what she saw so terrified her that any further scream was frozen in her throat.

Coiled up on the hearth, where she ordinarily groped for a burning coal, was the huge pucarara snake — ALIVE. The great triangle head of the snake was motionless. Its cold, cruel eyes were fixed hypnotically on the frightened woman. Only the snake's greedy fangs moved, not quite satisfied with the blood of its first two victims — the cat and the dog.

Teofile's first impression on entering the kitchen was that the snake he had killed the day before had come back to life. He swung his eyes to the other side of the room, where he had left the dead snake. Relief came when he saw that the dead snake was still there.

It was then that he remembered the warning of old Antonio, not to take the dead snake into his house. Snakes travel in pairs. During the night, the live snake had followed the scent of its mate over the route Teofile had dragged it. He grabbed his rifle, and a second bullet sent the snake on the hearth to join its mate.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Do all of your friends receive our monthly magazine? Price only \$1 a year or \$5 for six years. You may use this form for gift subscriptions.



Dear Father,

I enclose \$

Please enter the following name for a gift subscription and send an attractive gift subscription card signed:

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ One Year \$1

☐ 6 Years \$5

Subscription is ☐ NEW

☐ RENEWAL

My Name

My Address

City Zone State



All This and Heaven Too

Can a blind grandmother enjoy a movie?

by Frederick J. Becka

THANKS to our new generator, the Maryknoll mission here in Pingnam, South China, is nearly as bright as the Cleveland Stadium when the Indians play a night game. Our 2,000-watt Diesel generator provides power to light the mission rectory, convent, church, and Holy Family Seminary. Maryknollers have the only electric-light equipped compound in the whole city of Pingnam.

Some of the seminarians who had

never seen electric lights before stared at the bulbs for hours, babbling almost endless comments all the while. To the missionaries, the generator means that there will be no more strained eyes and headaches; no more danger of fires from broken kerosene-lamp mantels and chimneys; and no more anxiety about the life of our radio batteries.

Motion pictures are another luxury credited to the generator. Father

Fedders brought a movie projector with him when he returned from his furlough in the States. He also secured the rental of an old, silent movie, "The King of Kings." We showed this movie to the seminarians. And although this movie was first released in 1927, its appeal is timeless, especially here in China where many people had never before seen any movie.

The version we rented has English sub-titles, and some musical background has been dubbed in. Happily, there is no dialogue. That gave us a chance to provide the students with a running commentary on the life of Christ as it was depicted by the movie. Our seminarians enjoyed the remarks of the Father almost as much as they did the scenes on the screen. The showing took three and one-half hours, but the boys did all they could to persuade us to run the film over again immediately.

The next showing was for Father Donnelly's Sacred Heart Society. This is an organization of women in the Pingnam parish. Father has banded them together for mutual spiritual help and companionship. The membership is pushing the 300 mark, and the colorful enrollment ceremony always draws a good attendance. It includes investiture in the Sacred Heart badge, a little talk by Father Donnelly, and special prayers to the Sacred Heart, Patron of the Wuchow Diocese.

The regular meetings are usually closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a social get-

together over at the convent. The Sisters make the women feel at home over tea and cookies.

Once a month the Sacred Heart Society receives Communion in a body. The Sisters have done a grand job in training these women. It is inspiring to see them approaching the altar rail, with

the Sacred Heart badges suspended from their shoulders by bright red ribbons.

It was at their most recent meeting that Father Donnelly gave them a showing of "The King of Kings" as an added feature. The women sat enthralled at the sight of their first movie. Fitting it was that their very first movie dealt with the life of Christ.

One young woman grew impatient in the first reel, which portrays for the most part the life of Mary Magdalen and the early days of the Apostles. She asked repeatedly: "When shall we see Jesus?"

One poor old soul, totally blind, came with a companion. "She has never seen a movie in her life," the companion told Father Donnelly, "and she wants to know what it is like."

With Father's running commentary, I think she "saw" as much of the movie as the rest.

A toothless old grannie innocently asked her pastor, during the change of reels, "Shall we see heaven?"

Father Donnelly, knowing that her years are numbered, replied, "Yes, Number Six Grandmother, you will see heaven soon enough."

Maryknoll acknowledges all mail as soon as possible after we receive it. If your letter to us has not been acknowledged, may we ask you to let us know?



Back-country

Small Fry

Smiles and poverty

in upland Peru

THESE youngsters live two and one-half miles high in the Peruvian Andes. They come from poor families, wear hand-me-down clothes, and go barefoot even in intense cold. They have little opportunity for any education, but must help their parents eke out a precarious living from barren land. Few childhood joys are theirs. Even the warmth of religion is denied them, for in this region, where there were once 400 priests, there are now but 28 — far too few.

d
e
-
n
e
t
a
l.
n
d
re
w





MARYKNOLL DEPARTURE

THIS MONTH our class of newly ordained priests is ready and anxious to go to the Orient, Africa, and Latin America — areas where opportunities are the greatest and misery is the worst.

Before these young missionaries can start on their long journey, they must have tickets. The average cost of a journey for one missionary to his post overseas is \$500. This adds up to a sizable sum for an entire departure group. Your cooperation, whether in the form of prayer or financial assistance, will be a missionary act.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

DURING the past six months I've traveled from the northernmost to the most southern diocese of Japan. I've spoken with bishops, priests, Sisters, and laymen, and visited countless institutions under Catholic auspices. I found the institutions crowded, the schools filled to capacity, and the Sunday Masses attended by overflowing throngs.

Every priest has a full day's task trying to instruct the many catechumens desiring to enter the Catholic Church. In cities and villages, the problem seems to be the same. There aren't enough missionaries to teach the Japanese people who are eager to learn about their Savior.

The immediate postwar era found a lack of facilities on all sides. Since then churches have been repaired or built anew. New school buildings have been erected on the foundations of the structures destroyed during the war. New works of social welfare have sprung up on all sides.

The determined efforts of local ordinaries to obtain more missionaries have borne fruit. In practically every diocese of Japan, some society or congregation never before represented in the Land of the Rising Sun is preparing to take up new work. The added impetus given to the work of the missionary Church in Japan by these new missionaries, combined with the physical rehabilitation that has taken place, and last but not least the special predilection of the Blessed Mother for the souls of the Japanese raise hopes in the souls of all the missionaries in Japan that the harvest will be bountiful.

Before the war, mission work in

To Date In Japan

by Harold J. Felsecker

Japan was necessarily confined to urban areas. One postwar development is the evangelization of rural areas, which is meeting with success in many parts of Japan. The fact that the missionary is able to gain a hearing in rural hamlets, where the lives of the people were centered about the village shrine, is proof of popular dissatisfaction with native creeds.

The way seems open for a determined drive to make Christ known in places never before reached by foreign missionaries. There is no way of estimating how many souls may be won for Christ once this evangelization in Japan's rural villages attains more momentum.



The author and friends in Tokyo



Sister Regina Marie wrestles bravely with chopsticks in Wuchow, China.

Maryknoll Sisters Afraid

"THE MOST WONDERFUL thing has happened to me. I finally summoned up my courage and went to see the Catholic chaplain at the Army station on a Pacific island. I had always thought reason would keep me from the Catholic religion. But now that Father has been explaining it to me, I find it all fits together far more wonderfully than I had ever dreamed it would . . ."

Ruth, the author of the above letter, is really thrilled with her religion, and she thrills us with her enthusiasm. She came to our Social Service Office in Honolulu about a year ago, and

for five months we tried to straighten out her personal tangle. Not much was said about religion, and we often felt that we were not penetrating to her soul.

The letter was unexpected, for Ruth left Honolulu seven months ago. But oh, how welcome it was!

—Sister Grace Mary (Naab)
of Passaic, N. J.
now in Honolulu, Hawaii

The Sins Of Li Ko. Li Ko had a problem. As the little group of First-Communicants-to-be was going into church to make their very first con-

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA



Sister M. Immaculata teaches these youngsters in Tsu, Japan, a new hymn

fessions, I felt a tug at my skirt, and I looked down on Li Ko's terribly serious face.

"Sister," he said, "I'm not sure about this matter of how many times I have committed sin. I've been fighting with my brother ever so many times. If I say 'about ten times,' that wouldn't be right."

We sat down on a bench to straighten out that tough problem. "Well, then I'll say 'very many times,' and it will be all right," he concluded.

Later, when I visited his old grandmother in the afternoon, I saw Li Ko running about. He was playing very happily with the other children, care-free once more after being relieved of his weighty worry.

—*Sister M. Luella (Veile)*
of Quincy, Ill.,
now in Shuichai, China

Cats On The Roof. The footsteps sounded as though an army was marching across our tile roof all night.

"They are only cheetahs, Sister," one of the patients explained. "I killed about forty of them a week ago. They're spotted wild cats, about as big as leopards; they look something like baby tigers."

Cheetahs on the roof at night are nothing to us now, after eight months in Ceylon. Nor are elephants in the streets. At first we laughed to see the big temple elephant out for his daily exercise in the rain, with his rider sitting on top of his head, under an umbrella. But now we pray for patience when our bus is held up in traffic behind a big, burly elephant who doesn't want to hurry.

Nursing in this large hospital is fascinating. The wards are filled to

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

overflowing with all the miseries of poverty. People in the States cannot imagine such destitution!

Every day brings fresh reason to thank God that we are here to help the Government relieve these people's sufferings.

—*Sister Madeline Maria (Dorsey)
of Brooklyn, N. Y.
now in Kandy, Ceylon*

Busy Days. We are snowed under with the joyful work of teaching Christ to Japan's searching millions.

Our little convent glows with life. We have sixty-nine converts studying the doctrine, taught by us two Sisters. We are teaching English to 120 girls, who are becoming interested in the Faith.

People visit us frequently, and we go on our errands to the sick with glad hearts. In the last three months, we have made some 565 visits to the sick.

Would that we had more material aid to offer them. From time to time we receive candy, soap, holy cards, and secondhand clothing. These we gladly give to the Japanese women and children, hoping in some small

measure to relieve their poverty. Often it has happened that someone asked for a thing, and right afterwards a package arrived with just exactly what was asked for. Today a friend sent a nightdress for a hospital patient, and only yesterday we had combed the stores looking for one.

At the hospital here in Hikone we have had great success. Nearly all the patients are interested and have placed their holy cards on their bedside tables. Recently a Communist doctor asked to study about Catholicism. We talk religion from the time we reach the hospital until we leave. I am instructing three nurses and there are more who are interested.

Small wonder then, that our day of religion begins at 5 A.M. and goes on until 7 P.M.

And the best work is yet to come! We shall soon begin teaching in the Girls' College here. Then, too, we have arranged to teach the Catholic Faith to 15,000 factory girls, in groups of 100 girls at a time. This was requested by a village official.

—*Sister Mary Jean (Dicks)
of Chicago, Illinois*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



DROWNING CANCELED

by Joseph H. Cappel

WHEN I walked into our parish office in Temuco, Chile, I was surprised to see a tiny, middle-aged woman sitting complacently on a chair near the door. "Can I help you?" I asked.

"No, thank you. I'm waiting for them to bring back my baby. It's in your kitchen."

Not wanting to embarrass her with further questioning, I went to the kitchen. There I found the cook fitting some new clothes for the baby.


"Is the woman in the office a relative of yours?" I asked.

"No, Father. Just a poor, distressed soul."

As the cook continued her dressmaking, she explained that the woman in the office was a widow whose home had been in a neighboring parish. Unemployed and desperate, the widow had been on her way to the river to drown the baby and herself; but she had stopped at the rectory to have the baby baptized first.

Father Wynne talked the woman out of suicide, and found her a job in a restaurant. Her salary doesn't amount to much, but it pays the rent on a small room and assures a living for her child and herself. That's all she wants.

I can't convey on paper the happiness I saw on the face of this mother. She had come too close to an unprepared death. But now she enjoys a much better solution to her problems. Christ through his missionary provided that.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Forty Hours Devotion is celebrated yearly in Maryknoll seminaries. All the candles for one "Forty Hours" may be donated for \$25 — for your intentions. The flowers may be provided for another \$25.



Secondhand Clothes for Indian boys and girls, aged 3 to 10, are requested from Bolivia by Monsignor. Danehy. He writes: "The more clothing we can provide for these needy children, the more money we shall have left to buy their food."

The Bread Bill in the Maryknoll Seminary runs to \$583 a month, although Sisters bake it for us. No one seems to be dieting! Donations of \$5 or \$10 for the staff of life will be dough for dough.

A Motorcycle would help a missionary in Guatemala to get more quickly to his Indians who need care. A motorcycle, suitable for mountain trails, costs \$300.

Africa Calls for some large items urgently needed: \$10,000 for a Sisters' convent; \$5,000 for a priests' residence; \$500 for church furnishings; \$500 for a school.

July Is Winter in Chile. From our missionaries there, come various requests that might appeal to you. Items needed: 950 school benches, at \$5 each; a sprayer, with battery charger, to paint Our Lady of Fatima Church, \$40; \$5 each, to provide food, clothing, and shoes for poor children. Also, \$150 for catechetical instruction; \$800 for school work; \$250 for some urgent cases of dire poverty.

A Mass Candle burns about 9 hours. The Mass candles for one Maryknoll priest for one month may be donated. Cost, \$1.25.

Tabernacles. "I need two metal tabernacles," writes a missionary. "Can you find benefactors to donate them?" Size: base 12 in., height 22 in. Price, \$115 each."

The Jungle Mission of Bolivia is successful beyond fondest dreams. But as the missionaries follow uncharted trails and streams, they discover more Indians in need of medicine for body and soul. Could you donate \$35 for religious instruction and dispensary work in the jungle?

A Spiritual Retreat is made annually by each Maryknoll priest. The expense for one averages \$30. Would it interest you to provide the means for one priest's retreat?



Guatemalan sodality girls have begged their Maryknoll pastor for a life-size statue of The Little Flower. For \$150, he could fulfill their desire.

No Sisters. The Maryknoll missionary in Chillan, Chile, built a mission school but has no Sister teachers for lack of a convent. He can build an earthquake-proof convent for \$9,000. Will you help by providing any part of this sum?

Small Holy Pictures—10,000 of them—preferably of the Blessed Virgin, Nativity, Holy Family, and the Risen Christ, are requested by missionaries in Kyoto, Japan. Can you give \$5 for the purchase of some?





Outdoors in South America

Maryknoll Missioners seek to get under roofs. Could you help in full or in part with the following urgent needs:

CHILE

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| 1 Convent | \$9,000 |
| 3 Schools, at | 5,000 each |

BOLIVIA

- | | | | |
|--|---------|--|------|
| 1 School | \$5,000 | 1 Pair candlesticks (main altar) | \$37 |
| 1 Chapel motor launch | 3,600 | 3 Pair candlesticks (side altar), each | 28 |
| 1 Small jungle hospital | 500 | Catechist salary, monthly | 15 |
| 10 Patrons for orphan home, each | 100 | 2 Missals for requiem Masses, each | 10 |
| 3 Tread sewing machines, each | 75 | Parish paper, 500 copies | 6 |

A Maryknoll Annuity gives you income from your funds. Write us for a free booklet.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York



**Mrs. Hat makes the running brook
her washtub in countryside Japan.**

